

SCHRANK, WEAK AND WHITE, PLEADS GUILTY

His Trial for Shooting Roosevelt Will Be Held in November.

TEST BULLETS FOR POISON

Assassin's Only Evidence of Feeling Is Over Sweetheart Lost on the Slocum.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 15.—"You are charged with assault with intent to kill and murder. What's your plea to that?" Judge Neelen asked John Schrank in the District Court this morning when the man who attempted to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt was arraigned.

"Guilty," answered the prisoner in a voice barely audible above the buzz of excitement and whispered conversations in the court room.

Schrank's face was ashen and he appeared to have lost much of the arrogance characteristic of him during prior examinations at police headquarters.

Although he had talked quite freely and even boastfully before, in court he was meek and quiet, answering all questions put to him in monosyllables.

"Do you want your case tried this month or next month?" the judge asked. "Next month," he replied.

"The law entitles you to time to prepare for a defense, so I'll bind you over to the municipal court at the present term."

When Schrank was brought into the court room shortly after 12 o'clock guarded by four detectives his identity became known to every person in the chamber almost immediately. There were about 200 spectators present.

As the man was being taken to the "bull pen" the persons seated in the audience arose and began leaning forward for a better look at the man who had attempted to assassinate a former President.

A dozen more venturesome spectators left the benches and walked boldly up to the door of the "pen," where they stood, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, until the deputy sheriffs ordered them back beyond the railing.

When patrolman Ferdinand Koe sang out the man's name a score or more persons in the audience arose and surged forward. Schrank stood at the prisoners' dock, completely hidden and hemmed in by police officers and spectators.

"Get back there!" roared a deputy sheriff, and the bolder ones who had ventured to the very foot of the judge's desk were pushed and shoved away without much ceremony.

The following charge, signed by Detective Louis A. Hartman, was then read to the prisoner by the clerk, Charles A. Benson:

"Louis A. Hartman, being first duly sworn on oath, complains to the District Court of the county of Milwaukee that John Schrank on the 14th day of October, A. D. 1912, in the county of Milwaukee, State of Wisconsin, being then and there armed with a dangerous weapon, to wit, a loaded revolver, did, then and there, unlawfully, wilfully and feloniously make an assault in and upon one Theodore Roosevelt, with said loaded revolver, with intent, then and there, him the said Theodore Roosevelt unlawfully, wilfully and feloniously and, of his malice aforethought to kill and murder, contrary to the statutes in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Wisconsin, and beays that the said John Schrank may be arrested and dealt with according to law."

Bail was then set at \$5,000. "Take him away," ordered the court, and guarded by three deputy sheriffs, in whose custody the man will now remain at the county jail until the time for trial, he was escorted from the room.

"Sit down there, you people—stand back!" shouted an officer, as a number of persons again arose and surged forward. Schrank was hustled through the corridor to the elevator.

On the walk to the county jail, one block away, the man did not speak a word. He kept pace with an officer on each side of him and one in the rear, trudging along with shoulders rounded and head bowed down until his chin touched on his breast.

"Were you ever in love, John?" a deputy asked the prisoner on arrival at the county jail.

It was the first question that had been put to him since he left the court room.

The man raised his head, looked his questioner squarely in the eye with a sad, kindly expression shrugging his drooping shoulders, and said:

"In love, yes, I was in love once."

The question seemed to have awakened some spark of gentleness, for he appeared to be trying to recall the past and he smiled as though the recollection were pleasant to him.

"Tell us about her," another deputy asked as they were grouped around the prisoner in the jail office.

"The girl I loved," said Schrank, speaking slowly and deliberately, "her name was Elsie—Elsie Zeigler."

"Do you still love her?"

"I still love her," he replied, pressing both hands over his heart.

Where is she now?

"She is dead," said Schrank. "She was one of the victims in the Slocum disaster. You boys all remember the Slocum disaster, don't you?"

"You had another sweetheart after that, didn't you?"

No," said Schrank, with a glint of anger in his eye, as though he resented the question. "She was my only love. One cannot love twice, you know. She's dead now, Elsie, but I keep on loving her just the same. There never will be any other girl."

Just as the prisoner concluded the recital of his old love affair Sheriff Arnold ordered him taken away to the cell room and locked in a separate cell, with instructions that no person should be permitted to talk with the man.

John Schrank will be given the same fair and impartial trial as any other prisoner," said District Attorney Zabel. "We will give him time to prepare a defense and the case will be handled by this office in the same manner as any other case."

Schrank will probably not be arraigned in the municipal court until the first or second week in November unless a different agreement between the District Attorney and the prisoner is reached before that time.

JOHN SCHRANK



SCHRANK, BROODING SON OF AN INSANE FAMILY

Roosevelt's Assassin Well Educated and Heir of Well to Do East Side Uncle.

ATTACK LONG PLANNED

Came to New York 29 Years Ago—Mind Unbalanced by Aunt's Death.

John Schrank, who shot Theodore Roosevelt, did not follow the impulse of a moment when he attempted the life of the Progressive leader. He was obeying the mental tendency of three and perhaps more generations.

His father, who died in Bavaria when he was a mere child, had long shown traces of insanity, and his grandfather, John Schrank 1st, a wealthy brewer of Erding, Bavaria, in the declining years of his life exhibited the same unsoundness of the mind.

Erratic, John Schrank 3d was considered by his friends in New York to be the last man in the world who would have thought capable of committing so desperate a deed.

"He must have been crazy when he shot Roosevelt," was the unanimous opinion of former neighbors of his in East Tenth street, where he lived for twelve years at No. 370 with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Flammang, both of whom are dead.

John Schrank's mental irregularities, inherited and accentuated by a strange manner of living, received an additional impulse in the death of his aunt, to whom he was passionately devoted, five years ago, and again in the death of his uncle in February, 1911.

Secret About His Hatred.

Where he conceived the hatred of Col. Roosevelt is nowhere disclosed in a searching investigation into his life and habits. The secrecy in which he hid his thoughts on that subject are regarded as an indication of his tendencies to insanity. It is known, however, that for several months he had determined to kill Mr. Roosevelt at the earliest opportunity and that he followed the former President from this city, overtook him in Charleston, S. C., but had no chance at his life, and then arrived in Milwaukee, where he used the revolver which he had carried with him from New York.

Schrank is not a Socialist. He is simply a morbid, brooding man, with few friends and no intimates. When his aunt, his father's sister, died in 1907, shortly after his thirty-first birthday, he showered his affections on his uncle.

When John or Dominick—Flammang died last year Schrank developed a hatred for Col. Roosevelt and devoted all his time and most of the income from the estate of his uncle, to which he was the sole heir, to the consummation of his object.

In all the years of his life he had never had an intimate friend save his relatives, and though he was liked by the young people of his neighborhood he always declined to join them in any

POS-LAM CURES ALL ANNOYING SKIN TROUBLES

In using Poslam, you are using the most modern and most successful remedy ever devised for the quick eradication of all skin troubles. It is daily accomplishing astounding cures with almost incredible rapidity. Its pleasant, easy healing process, its intense antiseptic properties, make it invaluable in hospital and household. Take any case of eczema, acne, itch, salt rheum, piles, scalp scale, etc., however stubborn, and Poslam will stop itching as soon as applied, bringing immediate relief and comfort. If any such difficulty besets you, try Poslam N.G. and prove its merit. POS-LAM SOAP is the soap of choice for daily use, for toilet and bath, as a means of improving color and texture of the skin and assuring its continued health. It derives its rare beneficial effects from medication with Poslam.

All druggists sell Poslam (price, 50 cents) and Poslam Soap (price, 25 cents). For free samples, write to the Emergency Laboratories, 32 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Evergreen Cemetery in Brooklyn, where it was buried. For days he remained by the grave, weeping and mourning.

From his aunt's death until February of last year Schrank lived at the East Eighty-first street address with his uncle, who was almost 74 years old and very feeble. The aunt was 62 at the time of her death. On February 5, 1911, Flammang died of a combination of diseases.

Mrs. Margaret Daseking, whose husband died about two years ago and who had had charge of Mrs. Flammang's funeral, took charge of Flammang's body and had it cremated, according to his last wishes. The ashes still remain in a jar in her undertaking room at 276 East Tenth street.

John Schrank called there about two weeks afterward and paid the bill. He told Mrs. Daseking, who had known him from a boy, that he had nothing in the world to live for. He said he would call later for the ashes, but she has not seen him or heard of him since. He told her, however, that he was sole heir to the Flammang estate, which he said was worth about \$25,000. He also said that he thought he would go to Brooklyn and find a place where he could be near his aunt's grave in Evergreen.

Mrs. Daseking was surprised to learn that Schrank had told about a girl named Elsie Zeigler, who he said had perished in the General Slocum disaster in 1904 and to whom he said he had been always true. He would not marry because he loved Elsie. The Zeiglers for some years lived at 370 East Tenth street, in the same house with the Flammangs. Elsie and John Schrank had played together always, but no love affair between them had ever been suspected.

No Love Affair With Girl.

Mrs. Daseking thought his declarations in regard to the girl were additional proof of his madness.

"Why, I buried her when her body was recovered from the Slocum, and John never even came to the funeral. Perhaps, though, that is another evidence of his craziness," said Mrs. Daseking last night. "I am sure he wasn't in love with her, though I know he knew her well and played with her for years."

Shortly after Elsie's death and the Flammangs' removal to the East Sixteenth street house Mrs. Zeigler and her surviving daughter left also. They located at 294 Stanton street and moved from there to 331 East Twenty-first street. Schrank paid no further attention to the family and had not seen any of them for several years.

For a short time after his uncle's death Schrank stayed alone in the East Eighty-first street house. He disappeared from there one day in February last year and was not heard from again by his tenants directly or by his friends in East Tenth street.

Where he went was discovered by the Brooklyn police last night. They found that he had lived at the "Old Homestead," a small hotel at Cooper street and Central street, but a few blocks from Evergreen Cemetery, from February, 1911, until last January.

Shortly before he left there he asked Edward Lauringer, manager of the hotel, to act as his agent and collect the rents for the East Eighty-first street property. He left the Homestead in January, but would appear there every little while and receive the money Lauringer had. A few letters, generally in German, came for him, but he never divulged their contents or told anything at all about himself.

Often at Aunt's Grave.

He had been accustomed to spend hours daily wandering around in the cemetery and would sit for half a day sometimes beside his aunt's grave, which he kept always covered with flowers.

In February of this year a stocky, red mustached man, who seemed about 36 years of age, of good address and well spoken, appeared at the saloon of Ed-

ward Haberstroh and Theodore Thumann at 246 Flushing avenue, Brooklyn, and asked for a job. He had no references, but said he was familiar with the work and was given employment as waiter and porter.

Beyond a sullen remark that he would sleep in the third floor and he deposited there a shabby bag containing his few possessions, the most cherished a picture of a middle aged woman. For three weeks he held his job, and then Mr. Thumann, finding him too slow in that position, decided to make him lunch counter man. Two days sufficed to show that he wouldn't do there and he was discharged.

It was a sullen remark that he would "get even" he made no protest, took his bag and went away. The saloon proprietors were surprised when, on March 4, they were served with summons in a suit brought by John Schrank for \$11, the remainder of his wage for the week in which he had been discharged.

Harold H. Scanton, a lawyer of 371 Fulton street, was retained to fight the case for Haberstroh and Thumann. It came to trial and Schrank was beaten. From March 4, when the case was heard, until March 14, when the suit was dismissed, Schrank appeared every day at Scanton's office and demanded settlement.

It was refused despite a demeanor on his part so forbidding that the lawyer had to have the man ejected from his office on one occasion. To bring the case to court Schrank went before a notary public and swore out a "free summons," to get which he had to make affidavit that he was a poor man, could not afford legal proceedings and had less than \$100 in cash, property or jewels.

All of this time he was receiving the rents for the apartment house he had inherited. It is the right of a "free summons" plaintiff to have a lawyer appointed by the court to represent him. Schrank refused to profit by this privilege and acted as his own counsel. He made a poor showing and the jury took but a short time to decide against him. He left the court room sullen and muttering to himself.

Louis Melada, the chef at Haberstroh & Thumann's, is the man who knew Schrank during his short stay there. Melada learned but little more than the rest, however, and all that he could get from Schrank's monosyllabic answers to his questions was that the man was a Bavarian, was single and was suffering from some great sorrow.

"He was a queer man," said Melada yesterday. "I could not understand him. He would come to me for his meals, but he would never talk very much. We were not sorry when he went."

From the time of his leaving the saloon, Schrank has had no regular home. Sometimes he would go back to the Old Homestead, then for days no one would see him. Finally he appeared at the White House, 156 Canal street, Manhattan. From then on his life is described by Gustav Just, the proprietor of the place.

"Schrank was a little chap, short and stubby. He had a calm face, a quiet voice and was inoffensive and almost shrinking in his manner. He seldom had anything to say to the rest of my guests and seldom stayed long in the bar room. He would come in, get his beer and go to bed. Occasionally he would sit in the bar room and quietly watch the men there. I was never so surprised in my life as when I heard he had shot Roosevelt."

Where Schrank secured the pistol the police have not been able to find yet. He did not have it at the White House and it is thought he bought it shortly after he left there and before he bought tickets on the Comanche line to Charleston. He said he was going away to visit an uncle in California. It has been found that he has no relatives in this country and that he was trying to deceive his acquaintances as to his destination.

Black Bag Is Opened.

He carried with him to Charleston a black bag. It was opened by the police

there last night and found to contain many letters in German, all bearing the sentiment, "Down with Roosevelt. We want no kings." He was in Charleston from September 23 to 25 and stayed at the Mosely National House.

After all Schrank's trouble, Col. Roosevelt did not go to Charleston, but changed his itinerary. When Schrank learned of this he left immediately for New Orleans.

In the latter city he failed to get an opportunity to use his gun, but he again left behind him a grip, this one containing deeds to the East Eighty-first street property, the rents for which are now being collected by a lawyer. In Charleston he left behind him his naturalization papers.

From New Orleans to Milwaukee, where he hurried to overtake Col. Roosevelt, no trace has been found of his journey.

How Schrank came to be known as Flammang was told last night by Mrs. Daseking, the undertaker. It appears that his uncle and his aunt had always wanted to adopt him as their own, since they were childless, and that he sometimes accepted to their wishes and used their name. In the five or six years in which he had been known to Gustav Just of the White House he had called himself Flammang. Just sought no reasons for this, since he regarded the man with some qualms. No one else has been found to whom Schrank represented himself as Flammang.

At police headquarters in Brooklyn Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty is holding a bundle of letters and other papers taken from Schrank's bag, which was found at the Old Homestead. The nature of these documents will not be announced until to-day.

In response to a request from the chief of police in Milwaukee Inspector Joseph Paur of Headquarters here was last night detailed to round up the details of Schrank's life here.

An effort will be made to-day to find out if Col. Roosevelt, while he was Police Commissioner in New York, ever caused Flammang's saloon at 370 East Tenth street to be shut up for excise violations. Friends of the Flammangs family declared last night that it was always an orderly, decent place and the Schrank must have been mad when he declared that his hatred of Roosevelt dated from the day policemen raided his uncle's place.

There was never any trouble there, he said, and an extra good price was obtained at the time of the sale on that very account. They had never heard Schrank mention Col. Roosevelt, but often heard him express profound admiration of William McKinley, a picture of whom he usually kept in his room.

Schrank has absolutely no police record in this city. He has never been arrested before and has apparently never been in any sort of trouble that would bring him attention.

GOV. JOHNSON APPALLED.

Can't Understand Why Any Man Should Want Roosevelt to Die.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 15.—Gov. Hiram Johnson of California when he arrived at Youngstown, Ohio, at noon, where he asked for a crowd in the public square, for the latest despatches concerning Col. Roosevelt.

"The enormity of the thing appalls me," said Johnson. "I cannot realize that any human being could wish to take the life of Roosevelt."

"Who is the friend and counselor of all the American people if not Roosevelt? Why should any one seek to kill him?" "I tell you if that bullet had ended the life of Roosevelt it would have meant more to this nation than any one realizes. The hand of Providence intervened to spare Roosevelt for the greater deeds he has yet before him."

Gov. Johnson said he did not know if his traveling plans would be changed because of Roosevelt's injury. He expressed sorrow for the man who shot the Colonel and deplored the dissemination of literature that prompts men to such deeds.

ANTI-THIRD TERMERS DENY CAUSING ATTACK

Henry Blair, While Sorry, Says League Must Continue to Fight Roosevelt.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Henry W. Blair, former United States Senator from New Hampshire and president of the National Anti-Third Term League, gave out a statement to-night in regard to the shooting of Col. Roosevelt. He is inclined to resent the attempts of some people to blame the anti-third term men for making charges that may have influenced the assassin.

"There seems to be an inclination," he said, "to criticize the anti-third term movement as in some way to blame for the shooting of Col. Roosevelt because it is opposed to his candidacy as dangerous to our form of government. But we solemnly believe this, and we shall not retreat; we cannot retreat. This is no time to save the personal feelings of those who assail our liberties and who themselves take the offensive against moderation of speech."

"Every good citizen must regret resort to physical violence in political discussions because it is a crime against society by him who commits the overt act, and an even worse crime by him who provokes it. Again, it destroys freedom of discussion, whether upon the platform, by the press or in personal intercourse, and the last is the worst of all, for social discussion is the real hall of legislation for a free people."

"Therefore every one who loves his country, whether he loved Col. Roosevelt or not, must be sorry that his life has been attempted by the deluded victim of a dream and glad that he still survives to fight his fight to a finish with tongue and pen."

GOV. DIX SENDS MESSAGE.

Expresses Health and Mental Courage to Help Quick Recovery.

ALBANY, Oct. 15.—Gov. Dix to-night sent the following telegram to Col. Roosevelt:

"I shall hope to hear of your speedy and complete recovery. Your splendid physical condition and tremendous mental courage can but assist nature in restoring you to health."

The Benefits of Change

'You will agree with us, of course, that changes are a beneficial institution.

'A change of air, of scene, of thought, these are little eminences where man, surveying the world from a different point of view, renews in the prospect before him the hopes that were lost somewhere in the Past.

'So, also, it is with Clothes. Changes of clothes make for different points of view, and the man who satisfies himself with one solitary suit of clothes has no proper place in the machinery of progress.

'We believe that a man should have three changes of clothes; four changes preferably; five changes if possible; and even six or more changes if he has the means.

'He who wears a different suit of clothes each day of the week may be said to look upon the world from seven different points of view and to afford seven different points of view to the world that looks on him.

'A man of one suit is a man of one book, and a man of one book is a man of prejudice.

'But he who renews himself daily in a different suit of clothes is a man of parts. He has realized that life has more than one side to it.

'But whether a man owns two suits of clothes or a dozen, it is necessary that he should get them at Saks', if he wants the right point of view as to style. Suits.....17.50 to 50.00

Fall Overcoats 15.00 to 38.00

Winter Overcoats 17.50 to 75.00

Saks & Company Broadway at 34th Street

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the "bid and asked" prices, with additional news matter, are reprinted in the night and final editions of THE EVENING SUN.—Adm.

W. & J. SLOANE

ESTABLISHED 1843

A MOST IMPORTANT SALE OF ORIENTAL RUGS

IN LARGE AND SMALL SIZES

Arranged as a practical demonstration of what constitutes

REAL PRICE REDUCTIONS

These price reductions, based upon original prices that were fair and equitable, represent

A SUBSTANTIAL SAVING TO PURCHASERS

WE PURPOSELY REFRAIN FROM EXTRAVAGANT STATEMENTS REGARDING THIS SALE, PREFERRING TO HAVE YOU JUDGE OF ITS IMPORTANCE BY PERSONAL INSPECTION AND COMPARISON OF THE RUGS WITH THOSE OFFERED ELSEWHERE

PRICES RANGE FROM \$9.00 UPWARDS

FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SEVENTH STREET